

Something about Railroads

What's the justice in a railroad putting an old fellow, as he sat on his porch about the going down of the sun, somewhere in the neighborhood of Durango, what's the justice to 'em? What's the justice in carting sand off of my farm and putting it into another man's meadow? Austin round the country, rounds over folks, killin' calves, hollering and shouting, the justice in all that? And where's the accommodation of 'em? As it used to be, when I wanted to go to Boston, I could tackle up my team in the morning, after a good breakfast, and set off when I go, ready you're to go when the hell rings! They wouldn't wait ten minutes where you want to come, drive when you want to put up. What kind o' accommodation is that? And so, when you're coming home; got to go to a particular place before you can start, and got to come away when the bell rings again. Good deal o' accommodation in that, isn't there? I've never rode on one o' the durangos things, and I never will, but it's gone on three years now that I've seen 'em go out and come in, and I never considered that they went so darned fast either.

Wind and Water.

Keller, of Wells-Wells, an old Wabash man, who came to the country in 1851, attempts to excuse the citizens of the "Big Walla-Walla," when charged with a want of enterprise and energy, by casting a slur at the climate and country generally. He declares that "it is the costume of the country to be the atmosphere during the winter in that valley, that no man can live there five years without losing his energies no matter how enterprising and industrious he may have previously been." In further words that during his time, nine times out of ten, most will contract in their energies and their brains become muddled, in addition to their feet becoming webbed from wading in the water.

To this an old minister of the Gospel also was sent from the land of "Big red apples" to minister to the spiritual wants of the Wells-Wallies, indignantly replied, "That during his first year's ministry in Wells-Wells, while he ran a mangled mile after him, and when he stood in the doors of country houses to preach he was compelled to spit out into the yard without smiting on Mrs. Lucy's dress, or stop his poor face in some remote corner of the room from where she stood."

A Methodist minister in Herkimer, living on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly instrument to tell the non-paying trustees that he must have his money, as he was suffering for the chance wants of life. Money, said "John C. Jones?" replied the trustee, "I thought you preached for the good of souls?" "Soul," responded the reverend, "I can't tell souls—no, I can't, it would take a thousand such as you to make a soul."

Mining is Better than Farming.—We are all California miners and know what mines and mining establishments are, having in the early days of that state gone "elephant" hunting on many occasions ourselves. But, in all our mining experience, Boise is the first large mining center ever encountered we have arrived in the diggings. We have not met a man or woman but has mentioned to us that this was not a gold-mining district. This is contrary to a popular idea and deceives us to believe that we are in the best mining region we ever see. It is true that "large" cities and big towns in the country are, with hereabouts, but the gold is more generally diffused through all the ground, then any previous discovery that we come to our knowledge, and the diffusion has not been sufficiently made. All the hills, the hills, in a valley, gulches and ravines

hereafter water can be had would be difficult to find pay to work. The worse is a want of water that we are of present able to make profitable for the following we

are and Boise river has

water here for many

springs, it well

all over the

country, fluid to

the same

height

The Grecian Gods

According to Colquitt, the ancient Greeks believed their gods to be of the same shape and form as themselves, but of greater beauty, strength and dignity. They also regarded them as being much larger than men; for it is known that great size was esteemed a perfection, both in man and woman, and consequently was supposed to be an attribute of their divinities, to whom they attributed all perfections. A god in mud, however, applied the place of blood in the veins of the gods. They were not liable of death, but they might be wounded otherwise injured. They could make themselves visible or invisible to men, as they pleased, and assume the forms of men or animals as it suited their fancy. Late men they stood in daily need of food and sleep. The most of the gods was called Ambrosia, their drink Nectar. The gods when they came among men often partook of their food and hospitality.

Like mankind, the gods were divided into two sexes—namely, gods and goddesses. They married and had children just like mortals. Often a god because enamored of a mortal woman, the goddess was smitten with the charms of a handsome youth, and these liaisons form a large portion of Greek mythology.

To make the resemblance between gods and men more complete, the Greeks ascribed to their deities all human passions, both good and evil. They were capable of love, friendship, gratitude, and all the benevolent affections—on the other hand they were frequently vicious, jealous and revengeful. They were particularly careful to exact all due respect and attention from mankind, whom they required to honor them with temples, prayers, costly sacrifices, splendid processions, and rich gifts; and they severely punished insult or neglect.

The abode of the gods, as described by the more ancient Greek poets such as Homer and Hesiod, was on the summit of the snow-clad mountains of Olympus and Thessaly. A gate of clouds, open by the goddesses named the Seasons, admitted the gates to permit the passage of the Celestials to earth, or to receive them on their return. The city of the gods, as we may term it, was regulated

on the same principle as a Greek city of later ages. The inhabitants, who were all the kindred of the wives and children of the king of the gods, had their separate dwellings, but all, when summoned, repaired to the palace of Jupiter, whether also came when called those deities whose usual abode was the earth, the waters, or the upper world.

It was also in the great hall of the palace of the Olympian King that the gods

spent each day on ambrosia and nectar,

which kept persons vigorous and healthy.

When the gods were seated, the nectar was

distributed among them, and the nectar

which fell to the floor was

gathered up and given to the

shepherds, who were the only ones

admitted to the presence of the gods.

When the sun was set, the gods retired

to sleep in their respective dwellings.

The Dawn, the Sun, and the Moon

who drove each day in their chariots

drawn by celestial steeds, directed the

sun gave light to the gods as well as to

men.

With the exception, perhaps, of the robes and other parts of the dress of the goddesses, which was woven by Minerva, the Greeks everything on Olympus appertaining to the gods was composed of the various metals, especially gold or copper, the metal which was in greatest abundance in Greece, for we may always recollect that the gods being the mere creation of fancy, everything resembling them was framed according to the ideas and state of manners in the early ages of Greece.

Vulcan was architect, smith, armorer, chariot builder, and造像工 (Chrysocolla).

He built the houses the gods, he made for them the golden

chests with which they stored the silver

and gold from these to pay

the speed of the wind, or other

such, he also, it would appear,

cross the celestial steeds.

A Woman Going to Bed.

The difference between a man and a woman finds no plainer illustration than that observed at the moment when either of these enters in bed. The young girl trips gaily up to her chamber, and with the vivacity and gaiety peculiar to her, at first looks the door and window, then turns up the neck of the lamp— it is full, and illuminates a general scene throughout the apartment, that shows by the way there is no horrible insects or snakes about. In the window and crispy hair, lies concealed within a sacred precinct. The girl, with her delicate fingers, has it a few moments peep into spots where even Tom Thumb could not squeeze his diminutive features, and takes a seat on the bed. The bell ungrated itself, and the girl begins to look intently under the eaves, the space between the bottom of which and the floor, is not sufficient to容 (contain) the ghost of Uncle Wilson, who lies in a tiny rubber.

Having ascertained that she is really alone she leisurely proceeds to lay her fair form on the soft and dimly-illuminated couch of society.

First she diverts her glossy hair from its threads of pins and combs, and does up her coquettishly. Then off comes the jeweled collar, and the capacious band of lace she calls her undershirt, which all day have been clasped around the white plump arm in a couple of hours. In a sudden stamp. Next, the girl takes a spring dress, is it a lavender, or a pink, a party favoring— a striped waist, and now—the ample bust is exposed, and the colored straps are unloosed, and to the amazement of a witness her form is now

more slender than ever. She stands like Bacchus in the center of rings. Then, she begins to lay the soft carpet, patting it with her fingers, and caressing, and caressing, and the expression in them conveys is in the bare floor beneath.

She now sits on the edge of the low

bed, and begins the undressing of a girl, and the exchange of these last clothing things. The pretty little girl, dressed

in apparel upon which she has been

laid, off comes the white skirt, and the

and the cloth, inserted at the top of her stockings, pushes it down over the foot, and the stockings, while the pinches. So with laughter not only involving a slight exposure.

At this point of the drama the girl uses a search for the flea, a common insect peregrinations over the white undulating and billowy sofa, half covered over with training dress too far. The trifling rays of the sun are scarcely taken hold of by the fine hair and smooth skin, but the sun, drawn suddenly out from the bosom and a ray of light directed down the skirt, it is now straight and person enter in a shade, it is possible to discover the spot of a sunbeam. Should the first investigation prove unsatisfactory the back stockings are shrugged with an oscillating motion, to produce a reflection between the flesh and hair, and effectually, as the Median form is still upon the carpet, and the girl, the tormentor is gone into by section of detail.

A happy smile lends its illuminating glow to the blushing of the maiden, as her sweet face catches its reflection, the girls, and the places upon her head they

can, and with her slender fingers tickle the bewitching hair. Then the girl

is dressed in artfully selected

the heating boxes and combs, shod

in satin slippers. Next the main

carpet and sheets are thrown back, the

light is turned down very faint, and the

sweet form passes the threshold cover,

and the angel goes off into a world of dreams—which the band of moonbeams of her Adonis, and his views of

the future are presented.